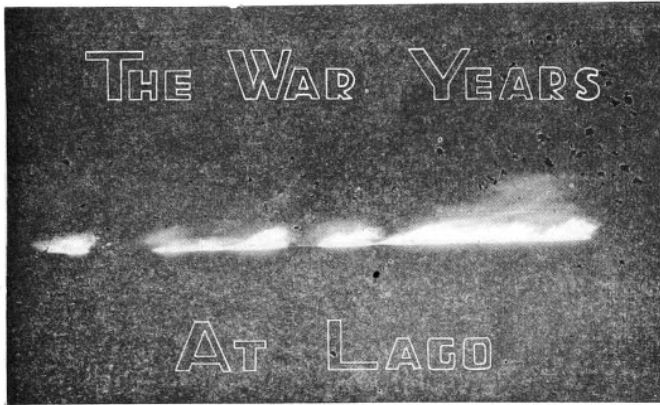




1939-1945 A SUMMING - UP

(PART 2)

ATTACK!

WHEN Aruba went to bed the night of February 15, 1942, it expected the usual good night's sleep. The war in Europe was far away, and while there had been a few ship-sinkings in distant parts of the Caribbean, the U.S. Army Air Forces had established squadrons of bombers and fighters that patrolled regularly out of Dakota Field.

The British troops, mostly veterans of Dunkirk, had sailed away February 13, after the Berlin radio, which was taking too personal (and accurate) an interest in us, had announced the name of their ship and the sailing date. Over a thousand American troops had landed February 11, and their big and little guns, field telephone wires, search lights, and big stockpiles of shells beginning to appear in isolated places were exciting and at the same time a great comfort. The troops were still setting up their equipment, but in a few more days would be ready for action. A practise blackout several weeks before, checked by L. G. Smith from the top of the Alky Plant tower and by J. S. Harrison from a circling plane, had been a big success, partly because the main Colony switch was pulled.

Bedded down at the Guest House was General Frank Andrews (who later in the war was lost when his plane was shot down by a Messerschmidt near Iceland). Accompanying the General on his tour of Caribbean defenses were newsreel photographers and journalists, including Walter Davenport, one of Collier's roving editors.

At 1:30 a.m. next morning, February 16, the reporters had an eye-witness news story they hadn't bargained for. With a thundering explosion followed immediately by flames rising a hundred feet into the night sky, a torpedo ploughed into the midships section of the lake tanker "Pedernales", anchored just off the reef. A few minutes later the "Oranjestad", anchored several hundred yards away, also took a torpedo and appeared to dissolve into a sheet of flame. Then tracer shells from the submarine's deck gun began to arch over the lagoon into the refinery area and to the north of it.

As people were roused, lights popped on all over the Colony, then were doused as switches were pulled. Cars began to stream toward the waterfront, many with lights on until the drivers realized this was no accidental fire, but war.

One ship, the "Pedernales", gradually drifted away, taking its lake of blazing oil along with it. After nearly an hour the "Oranjestad" sank where it was anchored. (The spot was marked by an oil slick for two or three years afterwards.)

(A lucky ship was the "Hooiberg", which had approached to within a short distance of the "Pedernales" and "Oranjestad" when the torpedoing began, and somehow was overlooked by the submarine as it ran for the nearest Venezuelan shoreline.)

Men struggled for their lives in the fiery water beyond the reef. Ashore,

Continued on Page 6

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SEGUN custumber, Aruba a bai drumi masha tranquil e anochi di 15 di Februari, 1942. Guerra na Europa tabata hopi leeuw, y mientras cu tabatin algun sinkmento di vapornan den partinan distante di Caribe, Fuerza Aéreo Norte Americano a establecé un escuadro di bombers y fighters cu tabata haci ronda regularmente for di Vliegfeld Dakota.

Tropanan Ingles, mayoria veterano-nan di Duinkerken, a sali di Aruba dia 13 di Februari, despues cu radio di Berlin, cu tabata tuma un interes demasiado personal (y eficaz) den nos, a anuncia number di nan vapor y e fecha di nan salida. Mas di mil tropa Americano a yega tera dia 11 di Februari y nan cañonnan grandi y chikito, wayanan pa telefoon di campo, zoeklichten y nan montón di otro articulonnan di guerra tabata causa excitación y na mes tempo un gevoel di seguridad. E tropanan tabata reglando nan equipo ainda, pero denter di algun dia nan io tabata cla pa acción mes. Un ehercicio di black-out varios siman promé, cu L. G. Smith a check for di top di toren di Alky Plant y J. S. Harrison for di un aeroplano cu tabata circulá, tabata un gran éxito, debí parcialmente na e feit cu e main switch di Colony tabata saká afor.

Den Guest House tabata loogeer General Frank Andrews (cu despues a perde den guerra ora cu un Messerschmidt a tira su aeroplano abao banda di Ysland). E general tabata acompaña riba su viahe di inspección di defensanan den Caribe pa varios fotógrafo- y periodistanan, entre otro Walter Davenport, un di e editornan di Collier.

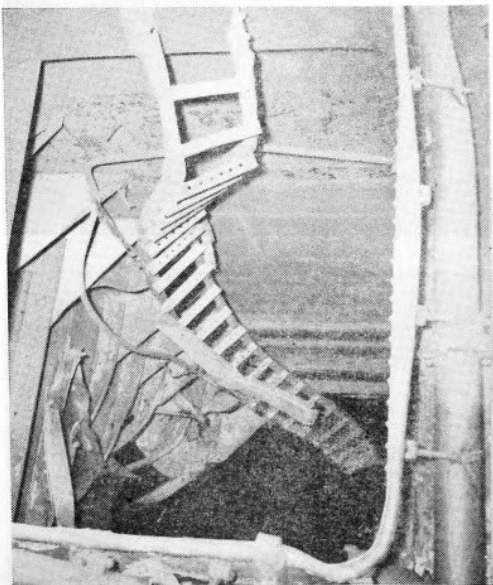


1:30 di mardugá, 16 di Februari, e reporternan a testiguá un storia riba cual nan no a conta. Cu un explosión teribel, sigui inmediatamente pa vlamnan gigantesco cien pia den laria, un torpedo a raka mas a menos mei-mei di curpa di e lake tanker "Pedernales", ancrá net for di rif. Algun minuut despues "Oranjestad", ancrá algun cien yarda mas aleeuw, tambe a worde torpediá y a keda tur na vlam. E ora balanan di e cañon riba dek di i submarino a cuminsa pasa den area di refinaria y pa noord di djé.

Ora cu hendenan a spierta, luznan a cuminsa cende tur caminda den Colony, djei nan a paga atrobe hunto cu luznan di caya ora cu e main switchnan a worde saká. Autonan a cuminsa yena na canto di lamar, cu luznan cendi, te ora cu esnan na stuur a realizá cu esaki no tabata candela accidental, pero guerra!

"Pedernales" a cuminzá drief bai, hunto cu un lago chikito di azeta kimando rond di djé. Despues di casi un ora "Oranjestad" a sink caminda e tabata ancrá. (Te dos of tres anja despues, ainda e lugar tabata marcá cu un plas di azeta.)

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Steel is twisted like paper in a cargo tank of the "Arkansas", (left) which was hit by a torpedo while tied up at the Eagle refinery's docks at Oranjestad the night of the attack. The ship was gas free, so it sustained only the explosion damage of the torpedo itself, but it had been scheduled to load gasoline some 30 minutes after the torpedo hit. The picture was taken at Lago's Shipyard, which made temporary repairs so the ship could proceed to the United States for repairs. . . . The ugly monster below, a German torpedo being inspected by a Dutch and an American soldier, was on the beach at Eagle the morning after the attack. (It was believed to have missed the "Arkansas"). The following day it exploded while a group of ordnance men were trying to dismantle it, killing four.

Staal dobló mescos cu papel riba e tanker "Arkansas", (robez) cu a worde raká pa un torpedo na waf di Eagle na Oranjestad, e anochi di atake. E vapor no tabatin gas aden, asina ta cu el a sufrí solamente perbuicio di e explosión di e torpedo mes, pero e tabata pa carga gasoline net 30 minuut despues cu e torpedo a dalé. E portret ta saká na Shipyard di Lago cu a haci reparacionnan temporario pa e vapor por a sigui pa Merca pa nan dreché. . . . E monstruo feroz aki bao, cu ta worde inspectá pa soldadnan Holandes y Americano, ta un torpedo Aleman cu tabata riba beach na Eagle e mainta despues di e atake. (Nan ta supone cu el a hera "Arkansas"). E siguiente dia ora cu un grupo di soldadnan tabata trata di desarmé, explosión di e torpedo a causa cuater morto.



Graphic reports of the February 16 attacks were given to the Ezzo News by survivors during the next few days. Some of these, in abridged form:

Herbert McCall, Master, "Pedernales"

Awakened at 1:30 a.m. by dull report and a blinding sheet of flame on starboard under bridge. His bedroom immediately ablaze. Out on deck, he saw incendiary shell burst starboard aft. Vessel's back broken forward of mainmast. Port lifeboat was lowered, but at uneven keel, lost the oars. The five men forward were in the boat; they broke up bottom boards for paddles, but drifted seaward. At 6:30 a.m. they were picked up by a fishing boat, landed at Oranjestad. Chief Steward had died in boat, third engineer on arrival at San Pedro Hospital, both of burns. Eight were lost, eighteen survived.

Herbert Morgan, Master, "Oranjestad"

Awakened by second officer reporting fire on the nearby "Pedernales". Gave orders to prepare to weigh anchor. Reached lower bridge when blinded by torpedo flash. Ship listed immediately, back broken, and burst into flames fore and aft. Retrieved lifebelt from cabin, went to starboard side, met by flames; crossing the ship he fell hard enough to fracture his ribs, and slid back to starboard, stopping against deck pipeline. Made his way to the bow with three mates. They were there nearly an hour, waving clothing in hopes of signalling a launch. When the bow settled they were washed off by the sea. All had lifebelts except second officer, who was lost. Captain Morgan was in the water for an hour, floating through all the "Pedernales" oil before being picked up by Dutch patrol boat west of harbor entrance. Fifteen were lost, ten survived.

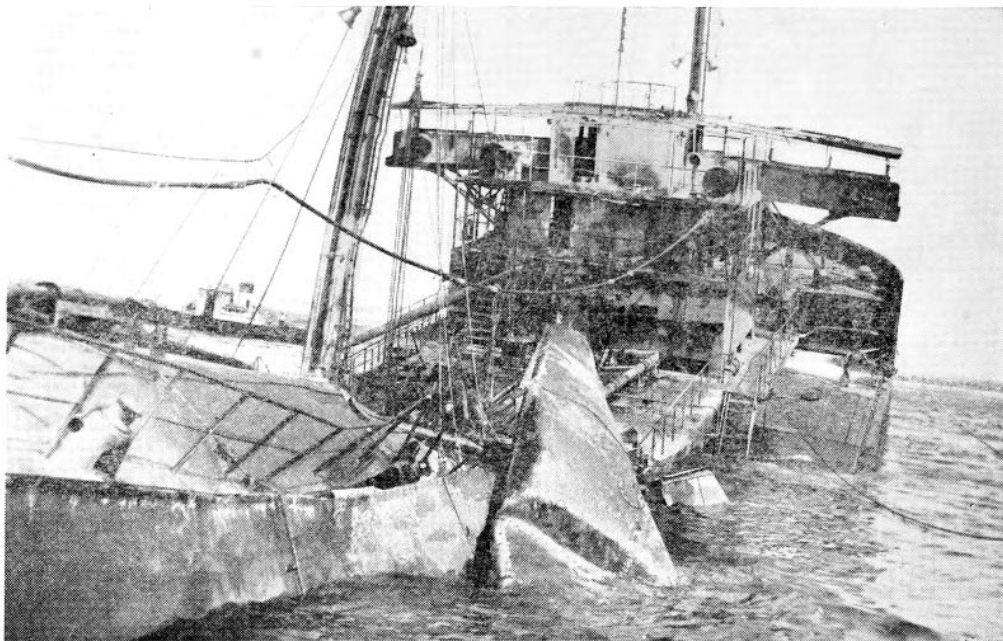
Sydney Jones, Master, "San Nicolas"

Was awakened at 3:30 a.m., saw mass of flames three miles away. Acting on standing orders, second officer had already started Ultimate Full Speed away from fire. At 4:00 a.m. hit by torpedo in engine-room, ship listed quickly but no fire. Three men in engine-room were killed. At 4:15 torpedoed again in engine-room; stern was settling. Heavy seas smashed stern lifeboat, Captain and several others thrown clear. Three oars supported six men, all in lifebelts except Chief Officer Kane. At daybreak they could see the ship standing vertically, stern on the bottom. A searching ship and an Army plane missed them. Later they clung to remains of the lifeboat, and saw a capsized surfboat holding four men, including Chief Engineer Brinkworth. Kane, nearly exhausted, rested on the lifeboat's air tank. When the Shell tanker "Ramona" found them, Kane was lost when the air tank turned over in the ship's wash. Shortly before this, Brinkworth had had a line from the "Ramona" in his grasp, but not enough strength to hold it, and was lost.

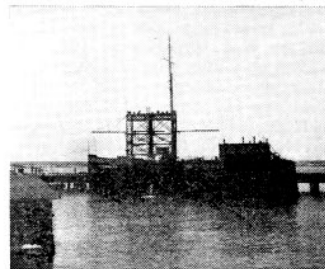
Seven were lost, eighteen survived.

James Young, Third Engineer, "Tia Juana"

Struck amidships, the "Tia Juana" flamed immediately, and started to list, but continued forward. Young, acting on second engineer's orders, went down into engine-room to stop the ship (to prevent spreading its burning oil over a wide area). While he was below decks the ship heeled over on its side, and he got out only with the greatest difficulty, after injuring his back and leg. Burning oil was spreading around the ship, and he jumped in and paddled some distance away. He was unable to swim but the lifebelt supported him until he was picked up the next afternoon and taken into Maracaibo. He was one of only nine survivors; seventeen were lost.



Above, the "Pedernales", burned and broken from a torpedo hit amidships, lies anchored off Palm Beach, where it was towed after the February 16 attack. After long weeks of work, Shipyard employees were able to cut it completely in two, and the bow and stern were towed separately back to San Nicolas. The bow half is shown at right after the return trip. Below, the two halves are on the Drydock together, ready to be joined after the last section of bottom is cut off of the stern portion. At bottom of page, the now stubby ship, with 124 feet missing in the midsection, sails for the States, where it was again cut in half and rebuilt.



Aki "riba" "Pedernales", kima y kibra, net mei-mei pa un torpedo, ta ancrá na Palm Beach, unda el a worde getouw despues di e ataque di 16 di Februari. Despues di hopi simannan di trabao, empleadonan di Shipyard a logra na corte na tres. E proa y popa a worde getouw separá te San Nicolas. Na banda drechi, e proa ora cu el a bolbe di Palm Beach. Aki baa, e dos pidanan ta riba Drydock huntu, eia pa worde uni. Mas abao, e vapor stompi, faltando 124 pia mei-mei, ta sali pa Merca, unda el a bolbe worde cortá na dos y re-construi.

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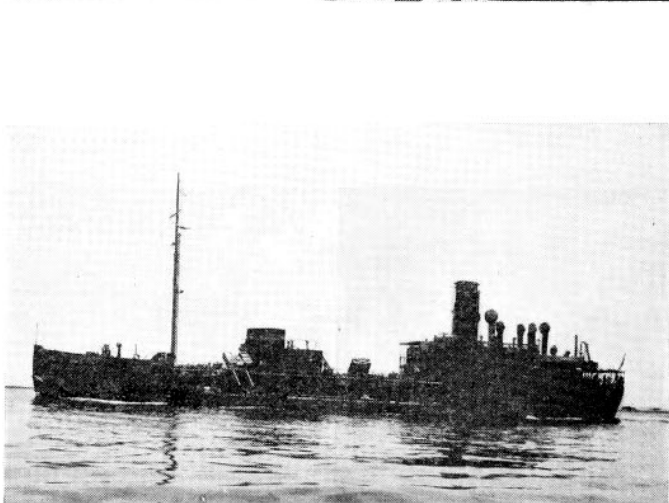
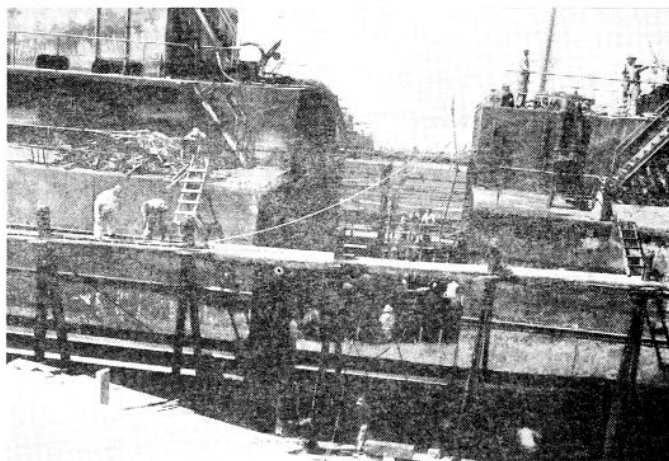
Hombenan tabata lucha pa nan bida den e awa tur na vlam banda di rif. Na tera, algun yarda mas aleeuw, tabatin poco pánico, pues tiramento riba refinaria tabata masha cortico; e promé reaccion tabata e excitación comun di naturaleza humana presencian-do un candela grandi, cu pronto a cambia na horror ora cu nan por a realizá e consecuenecian trágico. Mironesnan por a weita e hombernan ta bula di e vapornan na candela den e awa, tambe na candela.

Loque, afortunadamente, esnan na tera no tabata sa, ta cu tabatin un vapor den haaf cu 3,000 ton di TNT abordo, suficiente pa bula henter Aruba, si tabatin un explosion. E comandante di submarino nunca lo no a haya sa ki un bon dole el a perde, ora cu el a dicidi di los e promé torpedo 1:30 di marduga, en vez di poco mas despues. Pues tabata pa casualidad cu e vapor di munición no a sali net di es-dos or' di anochi, y si el a worde torpediá na un distancia di algun milla di Aruba, e explosión di 3,000 ton di TNT lo tabatin consecuenecian teribel aki.

Afortunadamente e vapor tabata dilatá pa via cu tripulantenan kera bebe koffie promé cu nan a sali. Ora esaki a tuma lugar, e loads a subi abordo y nan a cumenzá saka e vapor (SS "Henry Gibbons") for di dock net despues di un or' y net e tabata bai sali di haaf, "Pedernales" a pega na candela. Capitan di "Gibbons" kera sigui numa, pero e loads a nenga redondamente di saka e vapor y nan a bolbe pa dock unda nan a marea e vapor, y di es moda a salbe di desastre.

Despues cu e vapor di munición tabata riba dock, Capitan John Fernando a sali cu e touwbout "Standard" (cu tabata aki di Maracaibo, reemplazando "Delaplane" cu tabata riba Drydock), pa busca sobrevivientenan. Tabata casi

Continuá den Pagina 7





It took a war to bring kilts to Aruba. Here the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, led by their bagpipe band, march past the Dining Hall.

Ta guerra a trece e Scotchman cu nan sayanan plisá na Aruba. Riba e portret nos ta mira nan, "Cameron Highlanders" ta marcher banda di Dining Hall.

Cont. from Page 4

only a few hundred yards away, there was little panic as the Lago area was shelled briefly; first reactions were the excitement common to human nature in the presence of a large fire, quickly giving away to horror as the tragic consequences were realized. Watchers could see men jumping from the burning ships into the burning sea.

What those on shore did not know, fortunately, was that there was a ship in the harbor with 3,000 tons of TNT on board, enough to blow half of Aruba flat if it exploded. The submarine commander probably never knew what a choice target he missed in deciding to fire his first torpedoes at 1:30 a.m. instead of a little later. For it was by almost sheer coincidence that the munitions ship had not sailed shortly after midnight, and if it had been torpedoed anywhere within several miles of Aruba the concussion of 3,000 tons of TNT exploding would have had terrible effects here.

The ship was delayed, however, by what was reported to be the crew's wanting coffee before they sailed. With this settled and the pilot on board, the ship (SS "Henry Gibbons") was pulled away from the dock shortly after one o'clock, and was ready to sail out of the harbor just as the "Pedernales" went up in flames. The captain of the "Gibbons" wanted to go ahead and sail, but the pilot refused to take the ship out to almost certain disaster, so it was brought back to the dock and tied up again.

After redocking the TNT, Captain John Fernando took the tug "Standard" (here from Maracaibo substituting while the "Delaplaine" was on drydock) outside the harbor to search for survivors. It was almost impossible to see or hear men in the windy darkness, and the tug found only three. While out they tied up to the bow of the "Pedernales", up wind from the flames, but could find no one there.

Things were hectic in the harbor area, but rapidly coming under control, even though some Marine men who had emergency work to do were unable to talk their way past the new and too-efficient American soldiers who were guarding the refinery gates. One man who did get through was General Manager L. G. Smith, who, learning that there was no way to switch off the row of lights along the boardwalk that runs from the Main Dock to the Lake Tanker Dock, was going along throw-

ing rocks at them until all were extinguished.

In the Colony, men and women moved in restless little groups, examining each wild rumor as it came along. Army Air Forces planes droned overhead. Hours later, as the fires beyond the reef flickered out and the ambulance made steady trips to the Hospital with survivors, the Colony settled down into the total blackout of war. The area nearest the tankfarm had been evacuated, with some residents bedded down in the Community Church, and others moved in with friends farther away from the millions of barrels of oil and gasoline in storage. (In the first excitement of the shelling, some had wanted to take refuge in the caves on the north side of the island, but so far as is known no one did.)

Out at sea, however, the night and the tragedy were not yet finished. Two hours after the first attack here, the "Tia Juana" and then the "San Nicolas" were torpedoed and sunk, with heavy losses of life.

Just after dawn the "Yamanota" came within sight of the "San Nicolas" bow sticking up out of the water. Its crew fished Evertz, Tang Koon San, Sheffield, Spanner, and Martes out of the water, then zigzagged full speed for the Venezuelan shore. They could see a burning vessel some miles away (this was the Gulf tanker "Monagas", whose burned-out hulk still rests on the Venezuelan coast), but they didn't investigate because the Shell tanker "Ramona" was cruising nearby for survivors.

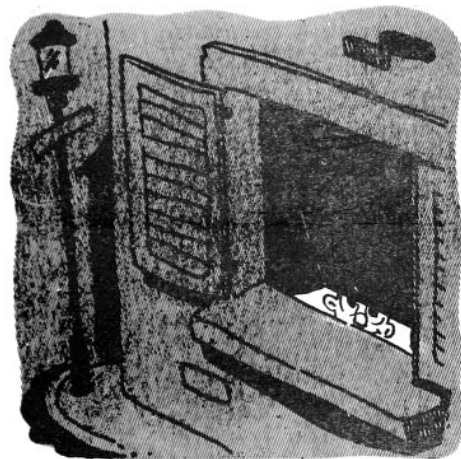
During the night the Oranjestad cable stations had been closed, but early in the morning a cable finally got through to Maracaibo to stop the morning convoy of lakers. It was too late, however, and a number of ships had already sailed, with arrival here scheduled sometime after darkness again gave the submarines good hunting. An airplane was quickly commandeered by the Maracaibo marine people, who set out to head off the ships and shoo them back into the safety of the Lake. The plan seemed a failure, though, because no matter how frantically the men in the low-circling airplane made motions back toward Maracaibo, the men on the ships simply thought they were waving goodbye, and waved back. Finally those in the plane hit on the idea of dropping weighted messages on the ships' decks, and this worked. By the time the first

Continued on page 8

The "Punta Gorda", later lost in a tragic blackout collision with the "Ampetco", had a first mild taste of war in late '39, shortly after hostilities broke out. One night while it was bound for Curaçao, a shot came out of the darkness across its bow. With such a thing unheard-of in the peaceful Caribbean, it continued on its way, but a moment later another shell ripped across its bows. This time, fearing a German raider, it stopped, and a boarding party scrambled up on the "Punta Gorda" deck. It turned out to be only a British patrol boat which, unable to enter neutral harbors itself, wanted its mail dropped off in Curaçao.

The same sort of coincidence that saved the ship with 3,000 tons of TNT aboard (see page 6) worked in reverse to sink the "Oranjestad". Just before midnight of February 15, the "Oranjestad" asked by blinker-light when it would move from its anchorage into the harbor. The ship dispatcher blinked back that they would dock at 2 a.m. The dispatcher was wrong—at 2 a.m. the ship was afire, and 30 minutes later went to its final anchorage on the bottom.

Tom Potts, first officer of the "Oranjestad", had often argued with the marine engineering staff ashore when his ship was about to go on the drydock. Sometimes his requests for this or that item of repair work would be turned down, and he would argue about it and sometimes get to feeling that repair lists were a nuisance anyway. At 3 a.m. of February 16 he was bobbing around in a lifebelt when the tug "Standard" pulled up next to him and hauled him aboard. And Captain Fernando swears that Potts' first words as his oil-drenched figure was pulled over the rail were: "Well, there'll be no more drydock repair lists on her."



"Punta Gorda" cu despues a perde den un choque trágico cu "Ampetco" pa via di blackout, tabatin un experiencia chikito di guerra na fin di '39, unbez despues cu hostilidadnan a cumenzá na Europa. Un anochi, navegando pa Curaçao, un tiro a pasa dilanti dje den securidad. Tal sorto di cos, desconoci den Caribe pacífico, nan no a paga tino y e vapor a sigui su caminda, pero un momento despues un otro tiro a pasa pegá su dilanti. E biaha aki si nan a kere cu tabata Alemannan, pero ora nan a subi deck a bin resultá cu tabata un vapor di patrol Ingles, cu no por a dreñta un haaf neutral, y cu kera entregá su correo na e tanker pa e hibé Curaçao.

E mes un sorto di coincidencia cu a salba e vapor cu tabatin 3,000 ton di TNT abordo (mira página 5) a traha net robes pa sink "Oranjestad". Net promé cu diezdos or' di anochi di 15 di Februari, "Oranjestad" a haci seña cu luz, puntra ki era e por dreñta haaf pa e ancrá. E dispatcher a señalá back cu nan lo dock 2'or di marduga. Pero el a hera—2'or e vapor tabata na candela y 30 minuut despues el a ancrá pa di ultimo vez, den profundo di lamar.

Tom Potts, promé oficial di "Oranjestad" semper tabata argumento cu ingenieronan di Marine ora cu su vapor mester a bai Drydock. Algun bez nan tabata bolbe su request pa un of otro articulo, of algun reparación y porfin listanan di reparación tabata un berdadero fastidio pa Tom Potts. Dia 16 di Februari 3'or di marduga e tabata drief den un salba-bida ora cu e touwboot "Standard" a pikié. Y Captan Fernando ta hura cu ora nan a hizé abordo, Potts su promé palabranan tabata: "Wel, lo no tin mas lista di reparación pa esun ey".



Captain Chandler of the "Yamanota", whose ship picked up survivors after the February 16, 1942 attack, relates his experiences to a group of United States newspaper men next day.

Riba e portret nos ta mira Captan Chandler di "Yamanota" cu a piki sobrevivientenan despues di e ataque di 16 di Februari, 1942, ta conta su experiencianan na un grupo di periodista Americano, e dia despues di e ataque.

Ceremony is something you don't stand on in emergencies. While Mrs. W. L. Thomas and Mrs. J. McNab watched the flames at sea from the cliff's edge in front of their bungalows, they heard a call from the bottom of the cliff. It was a survivor from the "Oranjestad's" crew. Though injured, he had swum to the reef and then across the lagoon, and now he was anxious to get out of the water. The trouble was, he'd left the "Oranjestad" in too much of a hurry to salvage his pants.

It was no time for ceremony; the women summoned him up the cliff, gave him something to cover himself with, and called for a car to take him to the Hospital.

Soldiers not only sing old songs, they make up new ones, and soldiers here were no exception. The Schutters (conscripts of Netherlands nationality at Sabaneta) had many Papiamentu songs. The following stanza is an approximate translation from one of the most popular:

I asked Dalia how things were at home
And Dalia answered me sadly;
Mamma spansks me, Papa wants to kill me —
My body in a coffin, I'll still want a Schutter.
Schutters don't care if Mamma doesn't want,
If Mamma doesn't want, tell Mamma just skip is.

Civilian Casanovas found that the mobilized Casanovas were gaining too much popularity, and in competing made the following song, about the Fl. 4.20 per week salary earned by the Schutters.

Four and twenty can't buy a refrigerator,
Four and twenty can't buy a good dress,
Four and twenty can't buy a gas stove,
Four and twenty doesn't reach to pay the rent.
If Mamma doesn't want, then Mama is just right;
If Mamma doesn't want, then Mamma judged well.

Jan Vlijt was a popular singer in the Schutters' band. The success of many parties, in clubs as well as homes, was owed to the good music played by the Schutters.

(In the Papiamentu version, at the bottom of the page, the band had so much pep that "they could make all the dead people in the cemetery get up and dance", a lively description of lively music.)



Ora cu nan tabata trahando riba loque a sobra di "Pedernales" (mira página 5) e trabao mester a para pa via di un situación poco dudoso.

E mei-mei di e vapor tabata bao awa y ora empleadonan di Shipyard tabata bai cuminsa cu nan cortamento, nan a nota un bom riba e dek, mas o menos seis o ocho pia bao di awa.

Tur tabata sa cu submarino no sa tira bom y ningun hende no a tende nada di aeroplano di enemigo e anochi cu "Pedernales" a kima. Pero bom no ta cos di hunga cuné, y trabao a para mientras cu nan tabata busca di revelá e misterio.

Porfin a bin resulta cu Fuerza Aéreo Americano a usa e vapor kibrá como blanco pa nan train bombardea y cu e bom tabata un imitación yená cu santo. Despues di esey e empleadonan di Shipyard a sigui cu nan trabao.

Tur hende por corda e canticnan popular di Schutternan. Grandi y chikito, homber y muher, tur tabata canta di e Schutter cu su Dalia:

Mi a puntra Dalia, con ta bai na cas
Dalia a contesta mi, un poco affligi
Mamachi ta zuta mi, Papachi ke mata mi
Mi morto den mi caha, ta schutter mes mi ke.
Schutternan no tin cuenta cu Machi 'n ke
Si Machi 'n ke, anto Machi lubidá.

Jonkumannan civil tabata haya cu jonkumannan schutter tabata gana mucho popularidad, especialmente cu damasan y pa haci competencia nan a saka un cantica riba e salario flaco di Fls. 4.20 pa siman di schutternan cu e siguiente refrán:

Cuater cu binti 'n por cumpra un bon shimis
Cuater cu binti 'n por paga luna di cas
Si Machi 'n ke, anto Machi tin razon
Si Machi 'n ke, anto Machi a huzga bon.

Jan Vlijt tabata masha conocí pa su cantamento den banda di schutternan. Exito di hopi fiestanan, tanto ta na clubnan como na casnan di famia, ta debí na música di schutternan, cu tabatin tanto pep, cu nan por a lamta morto for di santana.



Within a few days after the submarine attack, emergency first aid squads had been organized and trained by the Safety Division. They were ready to go on short notice to any location and do rescue and first aid work under blackout conditions. One of these groups is shown rehearsing. Six of the men are still here. The "patient" is Mark Taylor of Safety. Working on his head are John Opydyke of T.S.D. and Ellie Wilkins of Instrument. Bill Hughes of Instrument is in the background. Splinting a leg are Robert Vint of the Clubs (who later served a hitch in the U. S. Marines), and Eastman Moudijk of M. & E. Standing in the foreground are Elmer Marx, now gone, and Al Donaghy, later a Navy flier and now with Croole in Caracas.

Algun dia despues di e ataque di submarino, escuadrnan di emergencia di first aid a worde organizá y nan tabata getrain pa Division di Seguridad. Nan mester tabata cla pa bai cualquier lugar asina cu nan haya orde pa salba y duna "first aid" bao di condicionnan di black-out. E portret ta muestra un di e gruponan practicanando.

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imposibel pa tende di mira e hendenan den e securidad y cu suplemento di biento y nan a haya solamente tres hende. Nan a mara na proa di "Pedernales" p'ariba di e vlamman, pero nan no a haya ningun hende ey.

Situación tabata teribel den haaf, pero poco-poco e tabata bini bao di control, aunque algun homber di Marine cu mester a haci trabao di emergencia no por a pasa door di gate, pasobra e soldánan Americano, nobo y demasiado efica no tabata ke laga nan pasa. Un hende cu si a logra pasa tabata Gerente General L. G. Smith, cu a tira piedra paga e luznan un pa un, cu tabata cendi na careda di Main Dock te na Lake Tanker Dock, ora cu el a tende cu no tabatin moda di paga nan.

Den Colony, homber- y muhernan tabata para den gruponan chikito, wardando noticianan cu por yega cerca nan. Aeroplanonan Americano tabata zona riba nan cabez. Oranan despues, ora cu e candelanan banda di rif a paga y e ambulance tabata haci viahenan pa Hospital cu sobrevivientenan, Colony a drenta black-out total di guerra. E aerea mas pega cu tankfarm a worde evacuá; algun residentenan a pasa anochi den Kerki di Colony y otronan a pasa cerca amigonan cu tabata poco mas alehá di e milionesnan di barilnan di azeta y gasoline cu tabatin na provision.

(Den excitación di e promé momento, algun di nan kera tuma nan refugio

den e cuebanan na banda pa Noord di e isla, pero parce cu nan a cambia nan idea.)

Afor den lamar, sinembargo, nochi di tragedia no a caba. Dos ora despues di e promé ataque, "Tia Juana" y despues "San Nicolas" a worde torpediá y nan a sink, cu hopi pérdida di bida.

Despues cu di dia a habri, "Yama-nota" su hendenan a mira proa di "San Nicolas" ta sali riba awa. Nan a haya Evertz, Tang Koon San, Sheffield, Spanner, y Martes den awa, nan a saka y nan a zig-zag pa costa di Venezuela. Nan a mira un vapor na candela algun milla mas aleuw (esaki tabata e Golf tanker "Monagas"), pero nan no a investigá pasobra e tanker di Shell "Ramona" tabata cruzando den cercania, buscando sobrevivientenan.

Anochi, estacionnan di radio na Oranjestad tabata cerrá, pero mainta tempran un cable por a pasa pa Maracaibo, pa stop e convoi di tankernan cu tabata bai sali. Sinembargo, tabata mucho laat, y algun di e vapornan a sali caba. Hendenan di Marine na Maracaibo, a manda un aeroplano pa spierta e vapornan, manda nan back den seguridad di e lago di Maracaibo. Ora cu e hombernan di e aeroplano cu tabata circulá masha abao, tabata haci seña pa bolbe Maracaibo, esnan den e vapor a kere cu ta ayó nan tabata yamanan y nan tambe a yama ayó. Porfin nan a bin tira cartanan cu peso riba deck di e vapornan y esaki a logra.

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A part of the wartime scene was the billboards with morale slogans in three languages, prepared by the Training Division. They were placed both in the plant and in town and "cunucu" locations.



THE WAR YEARS

Continued from page 6

one or two ships had turned and retreated full speed for the Lake, the rest of the convoy got the idea and they all scurried for safety.

That night San Nicolas harbor looked like the inside of a sardine can. Except for the Army's TNT ship nothing sailed, and all the ships in the area were ducking into harbors before nightfall until the submarine situation eased off a little and convoy systems could be organized. The number of lake tankers and ocean tankers that could be packed into the harbor's small area when raiders lurked outside was amazing.

The day had been a tense one, with a feeling that the little island was under siege; the fact that the besiegers were invisible and struck without the warning that bombing planes must always give added an extra chill to the coming of night.

Fishing boats had brought in some survivors during the morning, and cables from Maracaibo and Curaçao had revealed the names of a few more who had been landed there. The Hospital staff had worked endless hours cleaning oil from those who were rescued, and treating burns. Hospital beds held 27 injured tankermen, and 25 others had been treated for minor injuries or burns but not hospitalized. A number of others were at San Pedro Hospital in Oranjestad.

The results of the shelling had been checked; a tank had been hit but not punctured, and a police bungalow north of the lower tank farm had taken a hit. (It was said that a shell had exploded as it came through the roof and had literally showered the bed of a sleeping woman and child with shrapnel, miraculously without touching either of them.)

Before sundown the Army had hauled big guns into the sand dunes between the big and little lagoons, below the harbor, and on the north shore; huge searchlights were everywhere, and an anti-aircraft battery went in between the spheroids and the Hospital. Watching these preparations, Colony residents began to feel as if they were inside a fort — one without walls. The almost constant drone of bombing planes going out on search missions sounded reassuring in daylight but not much so at night.

Most of the plant was shut down until light-shields could be rigged up for the furnaces. (All the sheet-iron roofs of the Pressure Stills later went for this job.) A practise blackout had been scheduled for February 17, but the blackout that began a half hour after sundown February 16 was no practise — it was real, it was solid, and it was permanent.

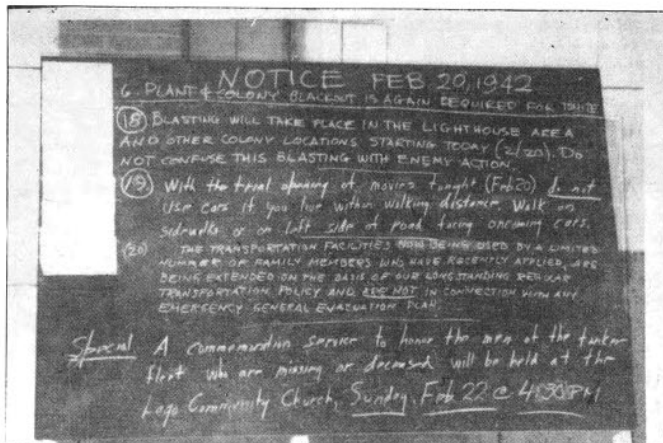
Few people had prepared ventilating blinds of any sort, and most simply closed the louvers up tight, drew curtains across and dimmed the lights besides, and sweltered in the heat. Hastily organized teams of blackout wardens, destined to police the Colony and Lago Heights for many months, were quick to point out any carelessness.

Most residents near the spheroid field had again gone to spend the night with friends farther away from the plant and tank farm. Dozens of families, especially those with small children, slept with wraps and blankets handy in case the submarines took a second crack at us and a quick evacuation was called for.

And then nothing happened! Most people rose next morning (Tuesday, February 17) with mixed feelings of relief that the night was over, and sheepishness at being so worried.

That night had been quiet, and so was the next. The one after that (February 18) started out well enough, but ended with a bang at 5:30 a.m. on the 19th, when even heavy sleepers were awakened by tremendous explosions off the east end of the island (light sleepers practically picked themselves up off the floor). Then there was the whisper of big shells passing over the Colony.

Daylight soon revealed the damage, which was much worse on the residents'



Bulletins changed daily on big blackboards at the Commissary and Main Gate helped keep false rumors from spreading by giving the correct news whenever possible. As a memory-jogger, a number of these bulletins are printed below:

"It is authoritatively reported that in Tuesday's action off shore two submarines were destroyed".

"Failure to half-staff the flags is not disrespect or oversight; such practise is not followed during war-time".

"Blasting will take place in the lighthouse area and other Colony locations starting today (2:20). Do not confuse this blasting with enemy action". (The blasting was for gun emplacements for the 155 mm. Long Toms and other coast artillery.)

"The 'F.H. Bedford' is now at dock unloading additional supplies, but Commissary purchases of certain limited items will still be restricted".

"The location of the 'C.O. Stillman' is known. She is still safe and will proceed to Aruba as soon as circumstances warrant".

"The early morning shooting today (Thursday) was not caused by enemy action".

This bare announcement, which was all the military authorities would permit Management to say, met various degrees of resentment in the Colony. After much negotiation, the Company was allowed to print the following, which cooled the tempers back to normal:

"Military communique issued by the General Military at Curaçao states: There has been no attack on the Lago Concession at Aruba on Feb. 19 at 5:30 a.m.; the shell splinters that were found originated from our own light shells (star shells) fired to illuminate the sea".

"The military authorities have requested civilians to stay away from all army observation, searchlight, and gun locations, after sundown".

"Advice has been received (p.m. 3:10) indicating that the 'Esso Bolivar' has run into trouble near Cuba en route to Aruba. Condition of ship and cargo unknown but this vessel will probably be out of Aruba service for an indefinite period".

Salvage work on the wrecked "Pedernales" (see page 5) was held up by a freakish situation. The center deck portion of the ship was submerged, and when Shipyard employees were ready to start their cutting job, someone suddenly noticed an unexploded aerial bomb lying on the deck six or eight feet under water.

It is a well-known fact that submarines don't drop bombs, and no one had heard of any enemy planes being over the island the night the "Pedernales" had burned. Still, you don't fool around with an unexploded bomb, so work was stopped while the mystery was unravelled.

It finally turned out that the Army Air Forces had used the hulk as a handy target for bombing practise, and that the bomb was a harmless imitation filled with sand. The salvage work went ahead from there.

state of mind than it was on the places hit. One shell casing six inches in diameter and eighteen inches long had passed completely through the Esso Club library, knocking over a file cabinet and a counter on the way, and littering half the Club with splintered wood. (A soldier was later heard to remark "Thank goodness it wasn't the bar".) Tex Schelfhorst, living in Bachelor Quarters No. 6, had taken a near miss: a similar shell had gone through his door jamb, passed within inches of his feet as he lay sleeping, then went out through the floor. It ricocheted off the coral, went through the wall of a B.Q. garage, and finally stopped against the engine of a car belonging to Carl Johnson. (Carl at that moment was a passenger on the missing "C.O. Stillman", which was playing hide-and-seek with submarines somewhere along the East Coast.) A third shell bounced harmlessly off a road.

Besides excitement, the shells stirred up some mystery. They were merely big hollow tubes open at one end, with walls over a half inch thick, and looked

more like a section of pipe than an artillery shell. Also, they were empty, yet had not exploded. They had done their damage only by the smashing blow of their 25 or 30 pound weight.

Unfortunately, for security reasons the U.S. Navy at first forbade any official release of the true story; it could only be said that the shelling was not enemy action. However, the rumor was out that the shells were from U.S. warships, and there were many thoughtless complaints about poor shooting or careless target practise. To people whose closest contact with the grim realities of war had been the newsreels, nervousness ("the jitters") was natural.

Several days later the true story was released (see bulletins above) and cooler heads realized that the destroyers protecting our coast and shipping were fighting a deadly enemy, and if they needed quick light on a suspected submarine they could not be too particular where the flare shells' casings landed.

ANJANAN DI GUERRA

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Ora cu e promé dos di tres vapornan a bira y a cumenza tumbé pa Maracaibo full speed, resto di convoi a comprende y nan a pura busca seguridad.

E anochi haaf di San Nicolas tabata parce sardini den bleki; cu excepción di e vapor di Ehército cargá cu TNT, ningun vapor no a sali y tur a core drenta haaf promé cu nochi cerra, te ora cu situación di submarino a drecha y nan por a organizá systemanan di convoi. Tabata asombrante cuanto lake tanker y ocean tanker por a drenta den e aérea chikito di haaf mientras cu submarino tabata loer p'afor.

Henter dia nervianan tabata di punto, cu un gevoel cu e isla tabata sitiá; e fei cu e sitiadornan tabata invisibel y cu nan a ataca sin ningun spiertamento, tabata haci susto aumentá segun cu nochi tabata cerra.

Botonan di piscador a trece algun sobreviviente mainta, y cablenan di Maracaibo y Curaçao a duna nombernan di algun mas cu a yega aya. Na hospital nan a traha oranan largo pa limpia e hombernan tur na azeta y pa cuida nan quemaduranan.

Tabatin 27 hombernan di tanker drumi na cama na hospital y 25 mas a haya tratamiento pa nan quemaduranan pero nan no a worde hospitalizá. Tabatin algun na Hospital San Pedro na Oranjestad.

E resultadoonan di e tiramento for di dek di e submarino a worde averiguá: un tanki a worde raká, pero no a bora y un otro bala a raka na cas di un polles pa noord di tankfarm. (Un di e balanan a drenta door di dak, plama scherf tur riba cama caminda tabatin un muher y un jioe chikito drumi, sin mishi cu nan.)

Promé cu atardi, "Army" a carga cañonan grandi banda di Lagoon, pa bao di haaf y na costa di noord; tabatin luznan grandisimo tur caminda y cañonan anti-aéreo entre tankinan y Hospital.

Weitand e preparacionnan aki, habitantenan di Colony a sinti manera cu nan tabataden un forti, pero un forti si muraya. E sonido casi constante di bombernan tabata duna un gevoel di seguridad den dia, pero anochi nan sonida tabata yuda exaltá nervianan un poco mas.

Casi tur planta tabata cerrá, te ora por a traha snerme pa e fornonan.

Dia 17 di Februari lo tabatin un ehercicio di blackout, pero e blackout cu a cumenzá mardugá di 16 di Februari no tabata ehercicio; e tabata realidad, stricto y permanente.

Mayoria di residentenan di tankfarm a bolbe bai pasa 'nuchi cerca amigonan mas aleeuw di planta y tankfarm. Hopi famianan, especialmente esnan cu jioe chikito tabatin klechi y dekelnan y maleta gepak banda di nan, pa na caso di un segundo ataque di submarino, nan por a evacuá rapidamente.

Pero nada no a pasa. Pa su mayan mainta (Dia Mars, 17 di Februari), tur hende a lamta yen di soño, pero aliviá cu nochi a pasa.

E dos siguiente anochinan a pasa queto, pero esun despues di esey (Feb. 18) cu a cumenzá queto a caba cu explosionnan pa 5:30 di marduga, 19 di Februari. Despues tabatin sonido di shellnan pasando riba Colony.

Ora dia a habri nan a descubri e dañonan. Un shell a haci destroz den Esso Club, un otro a pasa door di porta y vloer di BQ6, door di un garage bai para contra motor di un auto ey den. Un otro a dal riba caminda. E shellnan tabata masha misterioso; tubonan grandi, hol, habri na un banda, bashi sin cu nan a explodí.

Pa motibonan di seguridad U.S. Navy no por a duna mas explicación, sino cu e shellnan no tabata acción enemigo. Tabatin rumores cu nan tabata di vapornan di guerra Americano y tabatin queho riba tiramento malo y sin cuidao.

Algun dia despues nan a revelá e storia; destroyernan tabata bringa un enemigo mortal cuidando nos costa y si nan tabatin mester di luz pa haci esey, anto nan no por tabata mucho particular en cuanto unda e cartuchonan lo bai cai.

TO BE CONTINUED

E TA CONTINUA